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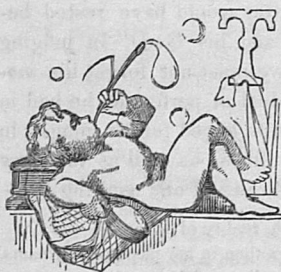
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the few faults into which it led him, as we would the faults of a tenderly beloved friend.

He is the rival of Keats in warmth and beauty of feeling and sweetness of fancy, as he is the rival of any poet of any age in sublimity of thought; he paints the immensity of worlds with as much ease as he does the tender and graceful Sensitive Plant.

### A "DOTHE"-GIRL "HALL" IN THE UNITED STATES.\*

"Let the mad poets say whate'er they please  
Of the sweets of fairies, peris, goddesses:  
There's not such a treat among them all,  
Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,  
As a real woman, lineal indeed,  
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed."  
KEATS.



HERE is a Female Seminary located not more than a thousand miles from our good isle of Manhattan, where, in addition to "short commons" traditionally

customary in nurseries for young ideas, they now and then indulge in punishments worthy of those "good old times," the age of the rack, thumb-screw, flesh-nippers, &c.

A while ago a friend of ours sent a package of cough-candy to a young rosebud (a relative of his) at — Seminary. The "Squeers"-like Superior of the School happened to see the packet when it arrived. Deaf to all tearful assertions *au contraire*, she insisted upon it, that Rosalie only coughed to attract the attention of visitors on "reception days!" and having a *forty-virgin* horror of the *genus man*, this female *Rhadamanthus* conducted her innocent pupil to the cellar, and turned the key upon her.

By this cellar flows a deep and rapid river, separated by a wall of stone of no great thickness. Through the interstices many a predatory rat was wont to insinuate himself, and prey on the fat things the ancient virgins regaled themselves with o' winter nights when their "dear pupils" had sought their couches.

\* See "Dotheboy Hall," in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Our friend was young, but Puritan blood of Plymouth stock flowed in her veins. Rats came, spiders were around, and many creeping things. Undismayed and fearless, she sang with all the freshness of a lark seeking the empyrean of a June morn, her bird-like voice resounding through her gloomy prison, and rat, spider, and crawling things were alike under her spell. The myth of *Orpheus* found again

"A local habitation and a name."

While thus trilling, and wandering through the capacious cellar, she espied a goodly appearing barrel; she oped the lid, and lo! it was filled with beautiful *love-apples*, which the "dear pupils" never tasted. A bright thought struck her. She had, of course, in her pocket, woman's powerful weapon, the needle, and some stout thread.

What think you she did, gentle reader? Filling her lap, and resting on an old box, she strung up the rosy fruit, as she had seen good house-wives do in her summer rambles, and then—and then—shades of modesty defend us—she lifted up one of those mysterious affairs that our *spirituel* neighbors delicately term *jupes* (which our women so love to wear to the number of a dozen or so), and firmly sewed to it the string of apples. Delighted with her new style of *flounces*, she plied her needle with wondrous rapidity, and the love-apples diminished accordingly from the barrel.

By the time her *four* hours had elapsed (the full term for heinous offences in this Seminary), it was quite dark, the last unique flounce put on, and her thread used up.

A sharp voice called to her "Come up, retire at once to the dormitory, and beware again if you shamelessly attract the attention of gentlemen." As good luck would have it she stole to the long sleeping chamber unobserved, with dragging skirts, and rather too much *embonpoint* to be at all charming.

That night after the quartette of ancient virgins were asleep, there was a very considerable amount of *munching* going on in another part of the mansion, any quantity of laughing, with all sorts of school-girl exclamations, such as "Well now!" "I never!" "Isn't it nice?" "Would you dare?" &c., &c.

*Apple-flounces* were talked of the next day in whispering groups, but there were no *patterns* left.

The ancient maidens missed the fruit

about a fortnight after, and complained bitterly at the "sewing circle" and the tea-drinkings, of the depredations of the rascally rats in their cellar. They never once suspected that the brave young girl from the banks of the blue Ohio, whom they had so infamously consigned to a cold and gloomy cellar, had turned the rod of their wrath into wreaths of rosy apples, and wreathed any quantity of fun around the hearts of her young companions, after she had escaped from "durance vile."

Rosalie has left this mis-called "Seminary for young ladies," and returned to her home amid the Catawba vines. Her icy-hearted jailors will never learn the "true facts" concerning the rats, unless they come across this *true* sketch of "Dothe"-girl "Hall," and "*Apple-flounces*."

*Mem.*—We recommend any enterprising *modiste* who may read this, to design a new "flounce pattern" à la *pomme d'amour*. On a dark or black surface the red circlets would be charming, and would have a fine effect, particularly if enwreathed with viney tissues.

We generously offer this suggestion gratis, expecting only a "dress pattern" with the *pomme d'amour* flounce for our —, whenever the "new novelty" shall come out of the *atelier* of some one of the fashionable "*Lawsons*" of this would-be Paris of the Occident.

### BONA-VANCIO.

BONA-VANCIO, still and solemn,  
Bona-Vancio, green and fair,  
With a liberal hand has nature  
Scattered gems of beauty there.

Where the paths so smooth and pleasant,  
Open vistas soft and green,  
And the sunlight dimmed by shadows,  
Casts a soft and mellow sheen!

There the tall oaks bend their branches  
O'er the flowery pathway spread,  
Till they blend their leaves together,  
Form a green arch overhead.

And the moss, that dark and sombre  
Clings around the aged tree,  
As though it would softly whisper,  
Oh, my mother, cherish me!

Ah! the green palmettoes growing  
O'er the graves so still and lone,  
Oh! the south wind ever sighing  
In a low and plaintive tone!

Ever blessing Bona-Vancio,  
Ever still and ever fair;  
With the mossed oak softly sighing  
O'er the dreamless sleepers there